

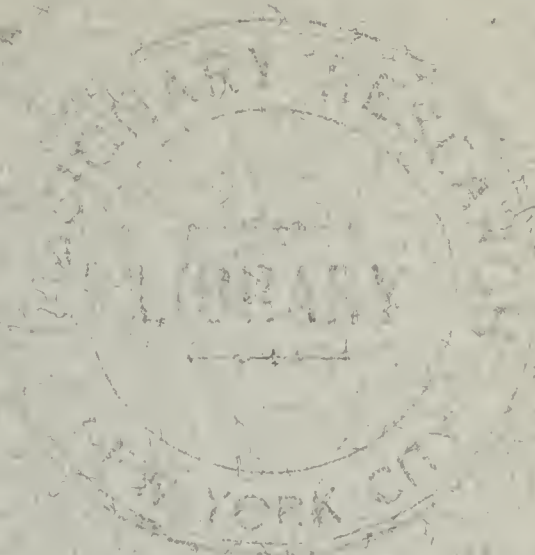
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# Third Trip To Africa

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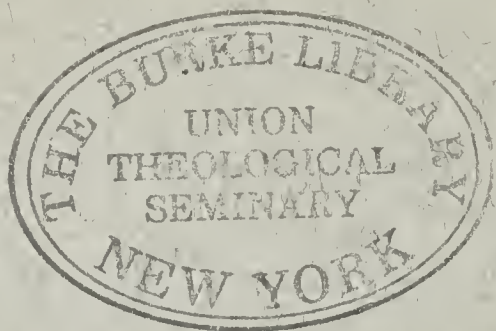
Dr. C. C. Adams

Corresponding Secretary

Foreign Mission Board  
National Baptist Convention, U.S.A., Inc.



April 7 - June 4, 1949



JAN 30 1986





## FOREWORD

This booklet is dedicated to my devoted wife and to Dr. D. W. Hoggard, pastor of Mt. Carmel Baptist Church, Philadelphia, Pa., and Mrs. Hoggard, who in my absence were so kind to and considerate of my wife, who was forced to go to the hospital for a serious operation only five days after I left the country. They paid daily visits to her, sent flowers and kept a watchful eye to her every need.

This is but a feeble public acknowledgment of my gratitude to them for this service of love. May God keep and bless them to His glory and to still greater service to mankind.

—C. C. ADAMS.





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REPORT OF HIGHLIGHTS ON THE  
THIRD TRIP TO AFRICA

April 7 - June 4, 1949

— BY —

DR. C. C. ADAMS

Corresponding Secretary

of the

Foreign Mission Board of the National Baptist

Convention, U. S. A., Inc.



## *Leaving Philadelphia*

April 7, 1949

Here I am beginning another, and the third, trek for Africa, my fatherland for whose salvation I have long prayed and worked.

I left home this morning by car, with my wife and daughter, to go by and pick up Rev. and Mrs. Henry T. McCrary, who drove with us to New York. It was about 7 A.M. when I left home, thinking I was bound for New York, only to discover that I had forgotten the movie camera and had to retrace my steps to get it. Then off to New York, where we arrived without incident of importance. We went directly to the Metropolitan Baptist Church and found the pastor, Dr. W. Abner Brown, awaiting us as previously arranged. Soon came the president of the New York Conference, Rev. I. Penn, and Rev. R. M. Mitchell. Presently Dr. Marshall L. Shepard, chairman of the Foreign Mission Board, arrived by train from Washington, D. C., and soon thereafter Mrs. D. W. Hoggard arrived. From there we drove to the International Airport and were met by other New York and Brooklyn brothers in the persons of Rev. Gardner C. Taylor, Rev. C. L. Franklin, Rev. J. R. Moore, Rev. Thos. Kilgore, and Rev. H. L. James. Rev. Timothy Chambers, of Dallas, Texas, was also there. My heart was particularly cheered by the Philadelphians who made the trip to New York just to see me off. Among them were Rev. and Mrs. L. G. Carr, Rev. W. C. Williamson, Rev. M. M. Peace, Rev. E. L. Satchell, Rev. W. O. Merritt and Mrs. Brown, sister-in-law of Mrs. Carr.

## LEAVING NEW YORK

After picture-taking with friends, family and plane, and the farewells, the flight got under way on the great Belgian Sabena plane. My first stop of one hour was in Sydney, N. S., Canada.

## LEAVING SYDNEY

Now I am here somewhere out of Sydney, in the night above the ocean and clouds, with the next stop to be in Brussels, Belgium, where the time is five hours earlier than in New York or Philadelphia.

Everything is settled for the night. I can see nothing but the haze of clouds when I look out of the window, as this super-Belgian Sabena plane zooms along at 300 miles per hour. The main lights in the ship have been turned off for the night. All passengers, none of whom can speak English, are trying to sleep in their seats; so I will turn my seat light off and settle back in my reclining seat and try for some sleep, which I greatly need. As I do this, I am peculiarly happy and satisfied, for I know the Lord is with me and leads on. The sail till now has been unusually smooth. If it were day, there would be all sunshine above the clouds below, and the air without bumps or pockets, which are the dread of flyers. This cannot be expected to last long.

## IN BRUSSELS

Arriving in Brussels, Friday morning, April 8, at 9:40, it is clear and the city can be seen in the distance. Now it comes closer and closer—now we are landing—the plane hits the runway—it turns and taxies to a halt. Passengers disembark to face the routine of customs officers and inspection. With clearing out of the way, I proceeded to the city proper and, never having been here before, I secured a guide to take me to all the main places of historical interest. About five hours was spent in this way. The guide was a

fine Flandersman who makes it his only business to conduct tours. It would require a book much larger than I am about to write to catalogue the things of historical interest that I saw in the large ancient castles, palaces, churches, streets, parks, museums, and the world's largest Hall of Justice. Many of the buildings date back to the 12th century and have crowded about them the history, not only of Belgium, but of France, Holland, Spain and Germany. Brussels is not only an ancient but a large city of more than a million in population, in a little country of less than 12,000 square miles. I did not see a single Negro in Brussels, but was told that about 100 live there and are of high level.

### LEAVING BRUSSELS

I departed at 4 P.M. the same day for Leopoldville, Belgian Congo, Africa. The first stop made was Tripoli, Africa, a former colony of Italy. To reach there we flew from Brussels across the Mediterranean Sea's blue waters, rocky islands and mountains, a flight of 16 hours. It formerly took some 24 hours to make the flight of about 4,800 miles from Brussels to Leopoldville. This flight also carried us not far from Casablanca and directly over the heart of the Sahara Desert. Just one brief stop was made at Tripoli, an African city and section of Moslem fame. It was the first time I had entered Africa from that way. I was glad, however, to touch that part of the continent; but I soon found out that that section is not a part of the mainland of pure-blooded Negro stock, as the people there are largely of the Mongol type.

By now it was full night, and to my regret I was unable to see much of the nature and lay of the land as we crossed the desert. Much of the trip from Tripoli to Leopoldville was over water and level land, and when we were not over the water the sand of the desert reflected the appearance of the sea, and the plane flew low. By the time day broke, we were about two hours out of Leopoldville. The scene began to take on the look I had become accustomed to in much of



Africa. The sense of returning home came over me as the plane came in sight of the city, swung to a landing and halted for disembarkation. This was my first time to see a black face since leaving New York. The great concourse of natives were seen milling about and many came to meet me. It felt just like a home-coming.

Soon I was driven to the Union Mission House, where forty or more were stopping, to be transferred to their locations. All of these were white (and there were more women than men), whose faces I had not seen before. I was immediately introduced and soon was one of the large missionary family: some from Belgium, England, France and the United States, including Missouri, Indiana, Illinois, New York, New Jersey, Florida, Mississippi and Texas. The places from which they came, denomination or race had no bearing on the fellowship and oneness of purpose to witness for Christ in all the far and strange places of the world, to bring to pass that long-hoped-for day when nations and races become one and there shall be one Shepherd and one fold.

After going to the office to send a cable to my wife, I have spent this whole day, except for a nap, talking mission plans, with scores of native men and boys and many of the native women and girls listening and looking shyly on. I regret my time is so limited by schedule in the Congo, for I would like so much to retrace my visit of two years ago to Sona Bata and other stations of the Northern Baptists and other boards. I hope, somehow, I can stop here on my way back from Nyosaland as I make my way to West Africa.

Mr. Samuel Latete, a native and manager of the Union Mission House, seemed as glad to see me again as I was to see him, and his kindness has been boundless. He is a fine specimen of Christian manhood.



## LEAVING LEOPOLDVILLE

Palm Sunday, April 10, 1949

I am now leaving Leopoldville at 7:15 A.M. for Elisabethville, Congo. Plane is due to arrive at 4:30 P.M. Time moves on, and I must move on. As I do so I am still very happy and content a peace of Heaven's special benediction seems to rest upon me. I feel His nearness everywhere—Africa and its people no longer appear strange and far-off to me. I have not been to Elisabethville before; and I am to spend the night there, I know not where, and I leave it to the Lord to provide. I am to be there until Monday morning, when I leave for Ndola, Northern Rhodesia, and change there for Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia. I am forced to keep thinking about the preachers, churches and people back home on this Palm Sunday: the great sermons, music, crowds, shouts and fine clothes. But, after all, how much real love and obedience to Christ are there back of all this outward pageantry of a religion that sends people to do and dare for Christ at any time, anywhere and under any conditions so long as He says 'Go,' 'Do', and 'Lo, I am with you alway even unto the end of the world'?

The flight to Elisabethville was made in nine hours, the plane having departed from Leopoldville at 7:15 A.M. and arrived here at 4 P.M. It was a pleasant flight that encountered but few air pockets. Two brief stops were made on the way. I saw many natives and just a few white people. The plane had a native steward, and I am told that Negroes are quite generally employed as such in Central Africa. Many of my friends are afraid of planes, but these black sons of Africa seem much at home in the air. Most of the wide stretch from Leopoldville to Elisabethville are broad, rolling plateaus, with myriads of small hills, interwoven with rivers and meandering streams and should be excellent for grazing purposes, as grass grows in abundance. For that reason it

should be fine farming land, but there was not much evidence of either pasturing or farming on a large scale. The earth has room for many hundreds of millions more people, and Africa has inviting arms for new millions to tap and exploit her rich resources to the full bringing of the Kingdom of God on earth.

I am putting up tonight at the Sabena Guest House. It is a very fine and commodious place, just recently built. I have been traveling with the Sabena Airlines, a Belgian company, ever since leaving New York, but shall part with them for the Central Africa Airlines when I leave here tomorrow at 7:00 A.M. The rooms are large and beautifully decorated, with plenty of closet space, soft, clean beds, and private bath with plenty of hot water but no soap.

After getting settled in my room, I drove over much of the city and found it quite a city, with beautiful streets and an abundance of modern houses, large gardens of flowers, churches, schools and fine public buildings.

I also visited one of the Northern Methodist missions, headed by Bishop Booth, with **many white workers** and hundreds of native students. They were most cordial and served me a meal.

I find government and civic leaders in Belgium and throughout West and Central Africa are most helpful and considerate of any representative person regardless of race, nationality or creed. With them a man is but a man. I know this picture will change as I advance toward the Southeast and South Africa because I have experienced the difference before.

Some native boys have been visiting with me tonight. Everywhere Africans are putting on a new look and are becoming conscious of their social, economic and political rights and importance. They wear a new and hopeful expression on their faces and general movements. That is all due to the touch of Christianity. I shall make observations along this line later on.

## LEAVING ELISABETHVILLE

April 11, 1949

At 7 A.M. I am boarding the plane at Elisabethville after a very restful and refreshing night. The plane is a small two-engine contraption, very dilapidated and oddly shaped, the like of which I have not seen before. The motors have started, but they do not seem to be hitting on all cylinders—there must be slips. Here we go down the dirt run, skipping and missing, but still I am not uneasy. Now it lifts itself from the earth, and higher and higher we go and make a beeline toward Ndnala, Northern Rhodesia, over one hour of wild stretch of the wonder country. Shall we reach Ndnala? I am sure we shall. To me it is all but a private plane as there is but one other passenger. Of course, I am not so conceited as to think that the South African Airlines, who did not know I was in the world before, had arranged a special plane for me, and I had to conclude that world travel caused by the war was letting up.

The plane finally arrived at Ndnala where I remained for another plane at 12:50 P.M. to Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia. I was sent to a fine hotel to spend the time, which I did in a very pleasant way. I found a thriving little city, typical of small American cities, with shifting railroad engines, passing trains, hum of saw-mills, small stores, big-time little merchants, and the 'four hundreds' of the town, dusty streets with people peering with curiosity at strangers, but all very human and considerate.

## LEAVING NDNALA

Finally the plane came, a much more likely one, crowded with passengers, all bound for Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, and other points. With just one brief stop in Lasaka, after three hours we landed at Salisbury at 3:50 P.M. Here I found myself at home again as I had spent a week here in 1947. I made many friends here and a real home with the Macloud family at 34 Pioneer Street. The Maclouds are a family of beautiful women and handsome men of Indian and Negro extraction. They do not call themselves 'colored people' nor 'natives,' but 'Asiatics,' yet their real allegiance and sympathy are with the 'colored people' and 'natives'. ('Colored people' in this part of Africa are those with native mothers and European fathers, like mulattoes in America; while 'natives' are pure African stock.) The Macloud family is a great influence here and the core of kindness and good will to everybody. My return to them was sudden and unexpected and caused community-wide rejoicing. They would listen to nothing but my stopping in their home, with elaborate entertainment and friendly, homely and informative conversation, for the two nights, eating well after midnight, though some of the bread-winners had to rise at 4 A.M. to be on their jobs.

This is a rapidly developing country, and much of its growth and development has taken place since I was here two years ago. In spite of the forces of reaction, colored people are making headway and coming into their own. Much change in civic matters has been made; immigration officers, post offices and banks, as well as travel agencies, have changed their attitudes toward the colored traveling public. I have found here no such signs of discourtesy as of two years ago. I am not expecting similar treatment in the Union of South Africa, but it is on its way even there. Truth is on the march and the feeble efforts of men cannot stay it.

Today I again visited the Kopje, a most commanding mountain. It gives the longest all-round view I have seen,



and possibly the longest view in the world, which is ten miles. It is of world historical significance, as this is the height from which Cecil Rhodes viewed the land when planning the conquest of the Rhodesias and Southeastern Africa, including Kenya, Uganda, Tanganyika and Nyasaland. This has marked the turning point in world history and human relations. But the prelude to Rhodes was David Livingstone, whose influence for the cause of the Kingdom of Christ has counterbalanced, and is yet destined to overbalance the military and economic exploitations and purpose of Rhodes in the bringing of the Kingdom of Christ to Africa and the world at large.

Since leaving America, my mind has been steadfastly on Nyasaland, Dr. Malekebu and the Providence Industrial Mission and its ramified works. I am now where I was two years ago trying to reach Blantyre, a flight of one hour and 40 minutes, and could not, to save me, get passage to make, in keeping with previously made plans. I could only cable Dr. Malekebu, from here, my predicament and pledge him, the Lord willing, that I would two years hence (1949) make the effort again. Now, thank God for the victory that overcometh the world, I am again here, one hour and 40 minutes' flight from Blantyre and a ticket to begin the flight tomorrow at 7:30 A.M. When I shall have reached there, I shall be 15,000 miles, so I am told, from New York. But I shall be happy, and thankful to the Lord and grateful to the supporting pastors and churches of the National Baptist Convention, U.S.A., Inc., for making the successful trip physically possible.

### **LEAVING SALISBURY, SOUTHERN RHODESIA, FOR BLANTYRE, NYASALAND**

The plane flew over, non-stop, all the way from Salisbury. I have already spied Dr. Malekebu in the distance with his welcoming group. The international clearance is made and I rush to greet them with great delight. Cars are decorated

before and after with palm branches, which at least meant to me 'palms of victory' in overcoming much to reach this far-away and little-known, though beautiful and wonderful part of the world.

### ARRIVING AT PROVIDENCE INDUSTRIAL MISSION

It is about 18 miles from Blantyre to Chiradzulu and the mission. We drove the distance in short fashion and most of the way over fairly good roads.

As we neared the mission compound, our driver, for reasons known to him but not to me, laid on his horn with long, wailing blasts. Soon I saw lines of human beings on each side of the road that proved to be about 500 pupils of the school, forming a human lane of welcome with songs and waving of palm branches as we drove through to the center of the campus and to Dr. Malekebu's home, where Mrs. Malekebu awaited. Then the marching body of students and teachers took mass position in a great body to conclude their program of welcome in song and speech. It was a great welcome, and many representatives of churches came from afar to confirm my arrival and carry the word back.

Thank God, here I am, and to date it has been a most remarkable trip.

(1) The weather was most unusual—not a bit of rain or storm encountered all the way.

(2) Not a connection missed or a plane late on departure or arrival.

(3) Very few air pockets encountered.

(4) Over the whole distance, I was the only colored passenger.

Thursday, April 14, after making an inspection of the school and all its activities and more than thirty buildings, and receiving all the kindnesses of Dr. and Mrs. Malekebu, I



was very tired. I enjoyed a very refreshing night's rest, and after breakfast we drove more than 100 miles to and from Zomba, the capital of Nyasaland, for the purpose of obtaining a visa to the Union of South Africa, which I did not have when I left the Sates. The official there was very cordial and assured us that he would secure the same and mail it to Dr. Malekebu.

I shall write a brief description of the school and Dr. Malekebu's work a little later on. Nyasaland as a whole is unlike any other part of Africa I have seen. It is unusually high, very mountainous and healthy, free of malaria. The soil is very rich. All farming is done with hand tools, and it is marvelous to see the millions of acres thus tended. They raise corn, wheat, potatoes, cassava, peanuts, tobacco, all kinds of peas, and many other vegetables. Tea grows in abundance. The land has been blighted by the severest drought in the memory of the oldest person. It is a very superstitious land and many of the people were accused of 'tying up' the rain; so many were killed, and the homes of others burned for that reason. A second late crop was planted after the rains and the country is very green again. The winter is late and will not reach its height before July and August. There is yet more welcoming to be done and a two-weeks' planning of activity and travel has been arranged for me over a radius of 300 miles.

#### **FRIDAY, APRIL 15, 1949**

The day began with official welcome at 10 A.M. and lasted until noon. At least 5000 persons gathered from far and near in the National Baptist Assembly Theater on the mission compound. There were much rejoicing and singing and many welcome addresses by chiefs, local ministers, representatives of the government; Mrs. Malekebu, president of the Woman's Auxiliary of the National Baptist Assembly;

president of the Young People's Union of the National Baptist Assembly; and Dr. Malekebu, president of the National Baptist Assembly of Africa, representing more than 300,000 Baptists of Nyasaland, the Rhodesias, Portuguese East Africa and the Union of South Africa. To all of this I had the pleasure of making a brief response. In the afternoon, with a long time on hand, we went about 15 miles to visit one of Dr. Malekebu's out-stations. For lack of space, I shall not write a description of it, though the temptation is great. I am sure I shall visit many duplications of it before I depart. I am the first secretary of our Board to visit this country. Dr. and Mrs. Malekebu are very glad to have me and are doing everything for my comfort, and I am equally happy to be with them. It cannot be said too often that they are literally working miracles here, and they are highly regarded by all from the Government down.

#### **SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1949**

Today was spent in visiting missions of some other boards including the Church of Scotland, The Dutch Reformed, Seventh Day Adventist and the Zambezi Mission of mixed faiths of Scotland and England, but largely of Baptist persuasion. To meet these devoted workers, some of whom are veterans of forty and fifty years of service, was a privilege and an inspiration. This country is being rapidly covered by the Gospel and the bi-products of hospitals, education and economic improvement.

When we returned to our mission, I found a delegation from Illongwe, 300 miles away, that had come to confirm my arrival in the country. They asked, "Where is he who came from America?" Having been assured, they rushed back to herald the news and prepare for our coming on the 23rd.

## EASTER SUNDAY, APRIL 17, 1949

I arose, thinking of the pomp and religious show today will witness in our churches back home and cannot but question how little of the Gospel spirit will be in it.

This has proven the most glorious Easter I ever witnessed. The day's activities began with early baptism. I baptized 199 persons, the largest number to whom I have administered the rite at one time. This is a country of daily conversions and large baptisms. Dr. Malekebu, his ministers and evangelists had baptized more than 400 just two weeks before I came. At the conclusion of the baptism, I preached at the 11 o'clock worship and had 118 conversions and candidates for baptism. The meeting could not be held in the church, notwithstanding its great capacity (accommodating at least one thousand). However, it was held in the National Baptist Assembly Theater and easily more than 10,000 were present. Many came from long distances, and one man, a friend I met in Johannesburg in 1947, who heard I was coming here, made the trip of five days, one way, by train, to see me. He is to rush back over that same five-day train journey to tell the people I will arrive in Johannesburg by plane April 30 and, in his words, to 'prepare the way' for me. I am sure I shall need it in that place, considering my experience with the officials of the Union of South Africa two years ago.

With grief and shock I learned of the death of Rev. J. S. Mahlangu, the head of the W. W. Brown Memorial Mission in Kliptown, Union of South Africa, after I arrived here. Dr. Malekebu and I must make arrangement for the mission's new leadership.

At three o'clock I served the largest Communion of my life. I never witnessed so much wine and bread assembled for one Lord's Supper, and the congregation was made up largely of the crowd that attended services at 11 A.M.

## A BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF THE PROVIDENCE INDUSTRIAL MISSION

Providence Industrial Mission, Chiradzulu, Nyasaland, East Africa, was founded in 1900 by the late Rev. John Chilimbwe, a native, who came to America and received about three years of training and returned to work with his people. Later, the late Miss Emma B. Delaney, of Florida, and Rev. L. N. Cheek, now of Chicago, Illinois, labored here. It was not until 1926, when Dr. and Mrs. D. S. Malekebu came here, that the mission experienced its great and somewhat miraculous growth, physical expansion and religious, moral and economic influences.

From 1926 to 1938, Dr. Malekebu baptized with his own hands more than 17,000 persons, often as many as 300 a day. Since 1938 he, his ministers and evangelists have baptized many more thousands. Five years ago, Dr. Malekebu organized the National Baptist Assembly of Africa with a Woman's Auxiliary, which Mrs. Malekebu heads, and a Young People's Union with a total membership of over 300,000. It is composed of churches in Nyasaland, the Rhodesias, Portuguese East Africa and the Union of South Africa. The Assembly has headquarters and a permanent meeting place in the religious theater on the campus of the mission. The mission proper is beautifully located on a campus of 93 acres, buried in a basin surrounded by captivating mountains. Just beyond the 93 acres the mission owns 800 acres recently purchased for farming and agricultural experimentation.

There are more than 30 buildings on the mission ground proper, 15 of which are beautiful, spacious and commodious, built of burnt-red brick. A large, modern church that would do honor to the corner of any American city sets them all off as dedicated to Christ. To mention two other buildings by name, there are Spelman Hall, in honor of Spelman College, in Atlanta, Ga., the Alma Mater of Mrs. Malekebu; and Adams



Hall, recently built in honor of the Secretary without his knowledge until it was built and dedicated. It was intended as a surprise to the Secretary on the trip that was planned, but failed, in 1947.

### MONDAY, APRIL 18, 1949

From here on, to conserve space and time, I shall not record in this account day-by-day happenings, since most happenings will be similar as the days go by and we go from place to place. I shall note only those of an outstanding nature. I wish it also noted that I am writing of this station and country somewhat at length because I have not been here before. I have been to the Union of South Africa, Liberia and Nigeria and other places on the continent and have previously written of them and the work there. So I shall not repeat in this account but shall note only the high points and incidents of progress as I pass through them.

We are on a tour and will be for the next two weeks. Today we enter the Cholo District, a section of bananas, coffee, tongue-oil groves and great tea plantations. Nothing that grows is more beautiful than the great fields of cultivated tea.

On our way to Dr. Malekebu's Cholo Mission, we paid visits to Malamulo Mission of the Seventh Day Adventists and the Nyasaland Mission, sponsored by Baptists and others of England. A great crowd awaited us at the Cholo Mission. Those who had come from afar and had to spend the night had built booths of African grass to sleep and cook in. The same was the case when we reached Mlanje Station the next day, so named from the famous Mlanje Mountain, that is awe-inspiring just to look at it. Many places derive their names from mountains; for instance, Chiradzulu is from the Chiradzulu Mountain and Cholo is from Cholo Mountain.

Our trip is very interesting, and on this order: the evangelists go ahead in lorry or truck with food, cooking utensils,

bedding, etc., and prepare the way' and assemble the people. Dr. Malekebu and I come behind in a car, and when we reach there interest is fever-high and we preach and gather in the sheaves of souls. This is an every-day occurrence and many hundreds of souls are being saved.

Each mission has built a new house for the Secretary to stay in while at the station and for the future use of strangers. All consist of three rooms, with a veranda around all sides, with simple furniture, home-made but very nice. As one passes through this wonderful land and sees the millions of acres in cultivation where not an ox, horse or machine is used for farming purposes, one is compelled to wonder how so much can be done with human hands and simple hoes. Millions of native hands do all this work, and when they are not working their own small farms they do it at shameful and ridiculously low wages. Truck and evangelists are preceding, and everywhere we stopped many chickens, eggs and other foods were given us and placed in the lorry. We also carry our cook, who is an American-trained cook and a very good one.

Yesterday was spent at Number Two Mission Station in Mlanje District, and today (Wednesday, April 20,) we arrived at Station Number One in Mlanje District, about 30 miles from where we spent the night. We arrived about 10 A.M. and as we approached two miles away, both sides of the road were lined with thousands of people. As we drove through the line of humanity they waved their palm branches, singing in Yao, Nyanja and Lomwe, "Hallelujah, 'Tis Done." The crowds ran beside, in front and behind the car, still singing, the entire distance of two miles. It was a sight to behold: many hundreds of mothers with their babies strapped African-fashion, to their backs, were in the milling, singing and running multitudes, all anxious to see and welcome to their homes the first American Negro they ever saw. They were dressed in their best, whatever it was; many of the women in white, starched dresses and head cloths to match, but al-



most everyone barefooted. The men were, as in all the country, mostly barefooted but dressed in their best. Even though many wore shirts and pants that were mere rags, they were the best they had. Handshaking was almost endless, as everybody—men, women and the merest children—had to have a handshake and would have been heartbreakingly disappointed to have missed it. The custom of the women is to drop to their knees and extend the hand. A great and sad history is behind this act of courtesy and humiliation on the part of the women.

### MODE OF WORSHIP AND RESPONSE TO THE GOSPEL STORY

They sing fervently, sit quietly, listen attentively with fixed gaze. Heads are bowed and eyes closed when one is leading in prayer. Not a sound is uttered save by the one wording the prayer, and when he says "Amen" they all join in unison with "Amen." At the close of the sermon when the invitation is given to accept Christ, there is an enthusiastic rush of many pushing their way through the crowds to embrace Christ, showing their hunger for a better way of life. The crowds are so large it is impossible to work them thoroughly, but the seeds were soon sowed, to be harvested by the local pastors and evangelists. From 66 to more than 100 were registered for baptism at many places.

A young native minister, Leonard Mudcha, reared and trained by Dr. Malekebu, did all of my interpreting in a very effective manner in the Yao, Nyanja and Lomwe languages.

On Thursday, April 21, we returned to Providence Industrial Mission at Chiradzulu, and early the next morning our party, in truck and car, headed to Illongwe, 300 miles to the north, for what proved to be another round of great, enthusiastic welcomes, and meetings attended by thousands of elated and curious people, all anxious to see, for the first

time, one of their race and color from America. As we approached the different places, our car was besieged and halted by the singing, running, waving and dancing crowds of old and young people of both sexes. Such was the case for the next five days as we worked our way back to Chiradzulu on Thursday, April 28. This was the greatest evangelistic effort in which I had ever engaged. I baptized 309 and had a total number of 860 converts. I was much surprised to find how disappointed the people and the country were that I did not reach here in 1947. It would have been spiritually tragic had I disappointed them this time. Many of the older people thanked God that they had lived long enough for me to get here. Constantly I was reminded of the way the people crowded the hills and plains of Palestine to hear Jesus. My one consolation was that I was representing Christ, and I did my best.

All of the government officials knew I was coming and expressed great concern that I failed to reach there in 1947. In many places government officials came and delivered in person welcome addresses, and my name was known, before I landed, from one end of this country to the other.

Since I am to visit many other countries of Africa and will at least have to make brief mention of them in this report, I cannot here write the full report I desire about Nyasaland. Therefore, I shall in the near future write a more complete statement in a special booklet.

## **LEAVING NYASALAND**

**Saturday, April 30, 1949**

I was accompanied to the airport by Dr. and Mrs. Malekebu and others in the car, which was followed by a lorry, packed to capacity, bringing to an end a joyous and profi-

table 17 days' visit in a marvelous land with a great people. After the checking in at the station and a round of farewells, I took to the air at 10 A.M. After a flight of one hour and 40 minutes the plane was landing in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, some 500 miles from Blantyre. As I left the plane I saw in the crowd, first, four members of the Macloud family, friends I made in 1947, who had come to greet me and say farewell. Then I saw and heard a singing group of 82 persons, Christian men and women, the latter dressed in white, bearing greetings and gifts, which included two pounds of money. They belong to our mission churches in Southern Rhodesia, to whom Dr. Malekebu had cabled that I was coming through and asked that they meet me at the airport. I shook hands with all of them and they sang several numbers that captured the attention of all about the station. All Africans love to sing and seem never to tire of it. Their presence and thoughtfulness was cheering and I left elated and thankful. I had only 45 minutes' stop there to change from the Central African Airways to a plane of the South African Airways and soon found myself bound for Johannesburg, Union of South Africa. After four hours' flight we were landing there at 4:30 P.M., and after considerable time taken to clear port, I found brethren awaiting me with a car, I having notified friends of the time of my expected arrival. We drove directly to Dr. A. B. Xuma's home in Sophiatown, and there it was like a happy return home after a long absence as Dr. and Mrs. Xuma so happily received me to make it my home for the duration of my stay in the Union. Truly they are great people and wonderful friends and I had the run of their most modern and beautiful home with all of its comforts.

The real purpose of the visit was to inspect the W. W. Brown Memorial Mission and its outlying missions and churches. I met and spoke to large and enthusiastic groups, but amid an air of sadness, because Rev. J. S. Mahlangu had just died on April 1, after a long illness. The people were still much confused. They felt a great need of my counsel and rejoiced

because of my presence. I considered it fortunate that I could come, and trust it was a Godspeed. It devolved on me to help resolve the confusion in the selection of a new leader or leaders. It will take some time for proper readjustment.

Here churches are growing and multiplying by many conversions and new churches. The school has an enrollment of 1,550. There are many improvements and much advancement of the people in general over a period of two years ago when I was here. I left with thanks to God that I was able to renew many friendships and Christian ties and make many more.

### LEAVING JOHANNESBURG

May 9, 1949

In spite of my insistence to the contrary, Dr. and Mrs. Xuma were up at 6 A.M. and saw that I had breakfast before I left at 6:30 A.M. for the long drive to the airport, accompanied by Rev. I. Thabane, Brother I. J. Magawilla, Rev. Simon Johns, the driver and another brother whose peculiar name has slipped me. The plane, a large four-engine Sabena, left Johannesburg at 9 A.M. The flight was a very smooth one of eight hours to Leopoldville, Belgian Congo, at the rate of 300 miles per hour. Of course, all the way back from Nyasaland I was on familiar ground as I had been there before, and Leopoldville was no exception. My stop there was only brief and I was soon on my way to Accra, Gold Coast, West Africa, by Pan American Airways. The flight from Leopoldville to Accra was a rough one, much of it being made through storms and in the night. Accra was reached at 11 P.M. This was our first real rough going on all the trip to this point, though from Salisbury to Bulawayo, first port of call to Johannesburg, was somewhat tough.



## ARRIVING IN ACCRA

I was glad to get to Accra first because I was assured that the going would be rough all night all the way to Dakar. Then I wanted to see Accra again and meet many friends, which I did, besides making more interesting acquaintances. An upset in my schedule worked greatly to my advantage and satisfaction. I was due to leave the next day, May 10, at 10 A.M. for Lagos, but the schedule had been changed to the following day. I paged Rev. Samuel Martin by cable in Lagos, advising him I would arrive a day late. Then I proceeded from the Lisbon Hotel, where I put up, to visit friends and familiar places. In the course of this, I met a Baptist group of natives whose hunger for fellowship with American Negro Baptists is soul-stirring. They have five churches, seven preachers, two small schools with an enrollment of about three hundred. They are simple, earnest and conscientiously feeling their way to the religious freedom of the Baptist Church. Some things foreign to the Baptist Church in names, etc., but not practice, have crept into their set-up. This I sought to correct, which they accepted with all humility and readiness, both because they feel I know what is right about the Baptist Church, and their desire to know.

Therefore, for two reasons I feel that we should come to their rescue:

- (1) Because of their desire and need of our help.
- (2) Because we have an inactive work at Sekondi, which it is our hope to revive when a plot of land is cleared up there.

The two projects could be run under one head and further expand our work on the continent of Africa. This I shall recommend to our Board.

It was also my pleasure to meet Bishop and Mrs. Gibbs, of the A.M.E. Church here, who have recently arrived to take

charge of the work of his church in West Africa. He says their work is in a bad way in West Africa, but he is hopeful. I bid him Godspeed, because what anybody can do anywhere in Africa is much and urgently needed. Bishop and Mrs. Bonner, of the A.M.E. Church, have also recently arrived in South Africa. I came close to them but did not meet them. We also bid them Godspeed. They have a good work in South Africa.

### LEAVING ACCRA, MAY 11, 1949

At last I am on my last lap to Lagos, Nigeria. After about two hours' flight I expect to be there and looking for Rev. Samuel Martin to meet me. This is a British B.O.A.C. plane. The plane is skirting the coast, most of the time two to three miles out at sea. The mingled view of sea and land makes a picturesque scene. To date my air journey has concerned the following airway companies:

The Sabena, Central of Africa, South Africa, Pan American Airways, British B.O.A.C., and Air France; and I am yet to ride on the Liberian Airways planes, a total of seven air corporations, all of whom have been gracious with courtesies.

The plane has just landed and I have already spied Rev. Brother Martin and his waving and smiling delegation. Thank God, I am safely here. After port clearance and happy greetings, at about 1 P.M. we set out to the post office and cable office to mail some letters and cable my wife. Then, after certifying my plane passage to Liberia on the 19th and looking up and greeting some fine native and English friends made here two years ago, about 4 P.M. we began the trip to Issele Uku, some 500 miles from Lagos. We drove all night, arriving at Brother Martin's home at 5:30 A.M. We found Mrs. Martin and a group still up, awaiting our arrival. We had a happy meeting, but I was so very tired and worn that I was soon in bed and lost to the world.



The following are the principal towns passed through from Lagos to Issele Uku: Lagos, Oshodi, Agega, Ikeja, Owone, Pakoto, Ifo, Agasi, Itori, Nasimi, Owowe, Alagbeda, Abeokuta, Alatiata, Oshole, Emulaju, Onikpere, Papa, Awaka, Inogun, Odeda, Ologboshu, Sadu, Baragun, Olori, Kole, Ikeja, Losi, Olobu, Ijei, Adese, Oloro, Ekeowa, Oluye, Ilugwn, Ediaja, Ibadan, Ibodi, Ilesha, Waliga, Oboto, Ekpetu, Egbraje, Egbaroke, Akure, Adokiti, Owo, Ifon, Usobe, Agbanikaka, Benin City, Abudu, Agbor, Umunede, Akwukwu Akumazi, Igbedu, Onitsha Ugbo and Issele Uku. Some are very large, with more than 300,000 population. The largest are Ibadan, Abeokuta and Benin City, all native towns and native-ruled.

After resting, I began the round of visiting the main school and the out-stations, over a radius of 30 miles. There were twelve out-stations in all, where there were a repetition of happy greetings, gifts of chickens, eggs, fruit, country-cloths, etc. All the schools are crowded, and many children are turned away for lack of room. Pupils number more than 4,000 and teachers number 85.

In my report for the 1947 trip I wrote rather fully of this marvelous work and Brother Martin; I shall not do it this time. Wonderful progress has been made in the last two years. Outstanding features of new progress are: (1) The completion of the new stone, three-pronged Teachers College at a cost of \$28,000.00, and the enrollment of 50 bright young men who are being trained for leaders in various fields. (2) The construction of Adams Hall, named in honor of the Secretary, of hard, burnt-red brick, is now under way. It is 33 ft. by 150 ft. in size and located at Agbor. More than 20 men are employed as bricklayers and carpenters on this building and it will soon be finished. (3) A dormitory for the college, houses for the teachers, and other buildings are in the offing. (4) Many of the out-station buildings have had the thatched roofs replaced with aluminum, and in the course of time all will be so replaced.

## THE RELIGIOUS PROGRAM

The keynote here is "Christ in all things." Sunday, May 15, was a very happy one. The day's activities began with a largely attended Sunday school at 7:45 A.M., and preaching service at 9 o'clock on the main school campus, in the Pilgrim Baptist Church. The church building was too small to accommodate the throng and many had to content themselves outside to look in and hear through open windows.

At 3 P.M. we went to one of the outer churches for services, about 30 miles distant. Result for the day in souls saved was 34 persons to add to the 150 converts gained in recent revival efforts, all of whom are to be baptized as soon as the rains relieve the water shortage. At the outer church in the afternoon, Brother Martin baptized 10 persons in a beautiful, clear, swift-running mountain stream. The water was as clear as crystal, and as it ran over its pebbled bed hundreds of fish, large and small, could be seen sporting in its waters. I said something about catching some of them, but was informed that I would be promptly and savagely set upon by the natives as the fish of the stream are sacred to them, being thought to contain the spirits of their departed relatives. Such is the superstition where the Gospel is now making headway. The site where Pilgrim school and church now stand was, not so many years ago, the sacrificing ground for human bodies offered to the god Moloch, the god of fire. To this group belonged the mother of Rev. Martin, so testified to by Rev. Martin himself. Her son is working mightily to replace this darkness with the true light of the Gospel of Christ.

Rev. Martin's new car, given him by us when he was in the States in 1948, is standing him in good stead to serve his wide field. The natives, when they see the car coming and passing, shout "Oyoyo!" meaning it is "pretty" or "beautiful."

## RETURN TO LAGOS

Tuesday, May 17

Rev. and Mrs. Martin drove back to Lagos with me and remained until my plane took to the air Thursday, the 19th, at 11 A.M. Tuesday and Wednesday nights were spent in Lagos at the Palm Tree Hotel, run by a very fine Englishman, Mr. L. A. Littlewood. I put up here two years ago. From there I visited many friends and places of interest. I left Lagos on an Air France plane, coming through and stopping at Colonon, Dahomey, a French territory, and from there stopping for dinner at Lome, Togoland, former Germany colony but now allotted to the Dutch. From there to Accra, Gold Coast where I have been so often that it seems very much like home. The next stop was Abadjan, French Ivory Coast, where Thursday night was spent in a very fine hotel, repeating the experience I had in 1947. Everybody here, including the native Africans, speaks French, but all are very polite and accommodating. My communications had to be made mostly by signs, but I experienced no particular difficulty.

## LEAVING FOR ROBERTSFIELD

Friday, May 20, at 7 A.M. I left for Robertsfield in Liberia, where I was sure I would be met by Major Falconer and other workers. True to expectation, Major Falconer was seen as soon as I emerged from the plane, accompanied by Dr. J. P. Reeder, secretary of the Foreign Mission Board of the National Baptist Convention (unincorporated), who was there in keeping with a promise made before I left the States. We were soon away for the 60-mile drive from Robertsfield to Monrovia, and there the three of us were in happy mood. Particularly was I happy and thankful to the Lord who had so marvelously blessed and preserved me in good health over the long and crucial journey to the far ends of Africa.

Soon we were at the large and well-appointed Baptist Headquarters in Monrovia, maintained by Major and Mrs. Falconer, located on Broad Street. The wisdom of having the Baptist Headquarters in Monrovia is thoroughly proven in the high prestige it has given our work from government and other mission heads to the private citizen. I was pleased to find Mrs. Falconer and the children well and happy. The rest of Friday and Saturday was quietly spent, resting and talking with friends.

Sunday, May 22, was a busy one. I had been billed and published to preach at 11 A.M. in the historic Providence Baptist Church. Dr. Reeder preached at 3 P.M. The turnout was large and a glorious time was experienced.

Monday, May 23, we went to visit Suehn. There Mrs. Davis, Miss East, Miss Borroughs, Mrs. Robinson, Mr. Wilson and all the teachers, workers and students anxiously awaited us and happily received us. I was accompanied by Dr. J. P. Reeder and we spent the night and the following day there with much delight. I found the work in fine shape and the workers in high spirits. Four modern, small-size buildings have been completed there and the two-story, three-pronged girls' dormitory, the J. H. Jackson Building, is well on the way to completion. Teaching, evangelistic work, farming and rubber-tapping constitute the program of activities.

Wednesday, May 25, we had a joint conference of representatives of the National Baptist Convention (unincorporated), the Lott Carey Convention and the Liberia Baptist Convention, at which time we entered into a formal program of co-operation for the unification of Baptist work in Liberia and appointed a responsible committee to work out details and put the program in operation. The representatives of the Foreign Mission Boards of the two National Baptist Conven-



tions had agreed on such a program before leaving this country, and for that purpose Dr. Reeder, secretary of the Foreign Mission Board of the National Baptist Convention (unincorporated), met me in Liberia on that same evening at 8 o'clock.

The two secretaries gave a buffet dinner at the Baptist Headquarters for President William V. S. Tubman, attended by Mrs. Tubman, Hon. and Mrs. William E. Dennis, Ambassador Edward Dudley, Bishop and Mrs. Harris, of the Episcopal Church, Bishop and Mrs. King, the heads of the Lutheran Church, Seventh Day Adventists, Catholics and other high-ranking church and government workers.

Thursday, May 26, Major Falconor and I chartered a small missionary plane to take us to Cape Mount, from which point, after walking four miles each way to and from Fisherman's Lake, we visited Bendoo to see Rev. Rufus Prunty, his workers and work. We had to cross the lake, which is 12 miles wide, going and returning in a frail canoe. This lake is very deep in most places and often rough and dangerous, and was unusually rough on our way back. We went and returned in the same frail canoe in which the late Rev. J. S. Cyrus lost his life in the lake. We were shown the place where he went down and the spot where his body was found four days later. I made this same trip in 1945, crossing once in the blackest of the night with only a lantern to give light. Rev. Prunty was well and happy with his work. The school grounds, buildings, workers and students were all dressed up very neatly and I was given a grand welcome of songs and speeches and a good, full-course dinner. Rev. Prunty is doing a good job and we must do more for Bendoo, as well as for all of our work.

The Carrie V. Dyer Memorial Hospital is still carrying on its yeoman service. Under Mrs. Dennis and our Dr. Schnitzer it has been stretched into a 60-bed hospital, but it is greatly

overcrowded and in need of expansion, which will begin soon. There are many other needs and problems such as confront all growing institutions.

I had a message, through a messenger from Mrs. Priscilla Bryan Jackson, of T. E. Brown Mission at Bassa; but because of the inconvenience of transportation, the beginning of the rainy season and the brevity of time, to my regret I was not able to make the trip there. Mrs. Jackson's health is holding up and the work is progressing. We are sending her a new cook stove and must get a suitable organ for that station.

Mrs. Sarah Cyrus is well and happy, but she will work at the hospital until a cottage is built for her at Bendoo. During that time she will give some relief to Mrs. Emma Butler.

Sunday, May 29, was quite a rainy day, but I drove with Major Falconer to Caldwell and crossed the St. Paul River to Clearashland, where I preached at the Baptist church to a combined congregation of the Baptist, Methodist and Episcopal churches. I had 15 converts. Between showers and in downpours and muddy roads and skidding cars, we arrived back in Monrovia, soaking wet and muddy, about 9 P.M.

### **Monday, May 30**

The surprise of my life came to me on this day. President William V. S. Tubman had been particular to know when I was departing—for what I had no idea—but about 1 P.M. I received a special invitation from His Excellency, President Tubman, to come to the Executive Mansion at 4 P.M. to witness an investiture. I expected to see a Cabinet member inducted or some foreign dignitary honored. Promptly at four o'clock foreign dignitaries, both white and colored, gathered. Then came Ambassador Edward Dudley of U.S.A.; next, Cabinet members, headed by Secretary Gabriel L. Dennis, followed shortly by President Tubman. All arose and stood

at attention to be greeted by the President with a welcome and a handshake. When the President sat down we all resumed our seats. Innocently I took a seat far removed from the President in the long reception room that was beautifully decorated. My great and shocking surprise began when the President ordered that I be conducted to the seat of honor at the right of the President. Still I was lost to the full significance and did not know I was the central figure of consideration until President Tubman arose and began to cite me in appreciation of my third visit to the Republic and in the interest and appreciation of the work of the Foreign Mission Board in evangelism, education and health programs, presenting me with a diploma making me a Knight Official of the Humane Order of Liberia for the Redemption of Africa. After the citation, the President, in the full gaze of the distinguished assemblage, pinned on the lapel of my coat, the insignia of the order to wear with authority and at will. As the news was rapidly spread, it was hailed far and wide beyond the city of Monrovia and I was greeted with many congratulations. I was somewhat dazed, and still am, that I was singled out for such a rare and high honor. After all, the tribute is to the National Baptist Convention, through its Foreign Mission Board, for faithfulness and unselfishness in service.

Dr. Reeder and I left Liberia Wednesday, June 1, by Air France for Dakar at 8:30 A.M. and arrived in Dakar at 3:30 P.M. It was a pleasant flight, with brief stops at Freetown, Sierre Leone, Konakry, French Guinea, Bolama, Portuguese Guinea, Gambia, and Senegal. I was happy to have Dr. Reeder make the trip with me back from Liberia to New York, especially since I had done so much lone-wolf traveling until I reached Liberia. We were due to leave Dakar Friday morning, June 3, at 4:30, but the Pan American Airways plane was delayed 18 hours in reaching Dakar. The delay was interesting in that it gave more time to study and to see the interesting places and things of Dakar.

Dakar is a very large, beautiful and modern French city with a population of more than one million. Public and business buildings are very ornate, large and beautiful. Residential buildings are well appointed, and there are no slums in evidence. The streets are wide and clean, with much shrubbery and floral growth. Civic relations are excellent and there is no show of race prejudice. The Mayor of this great city is a native Negro, the Hon. M. Lome. No other city in the world with a mixed population of French, Portuguese and Negroes can boast the good human relationship of Dakar.

Below are some of the names of the tribes among whom our Board works:

#### **NYASALAND**

TRIBES: Yao, Nyanja, Lomwe, Ngoni, Chewa, Tumbuka, Tonga, Mang'anja, Khokhola, Thakwani, Chikunda.

#### **NORTHERN RHODESIA**

TRIBES: Bemba, Biza, Senga,

#### **PORTUGUESE EAST AFRICA**

TRIBES: Sena, Shangani, Matonga, Nyambani

#### **SOUTHERN RHODESIA**

TRIBES: Zezuru, Karanga, Makorekore, Toga, Mavenda, Mashone, Manco, Mchakun, Matble, Mklaga.

#### **UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA**

TRIBES: Swazi, Zulu, Basuto, Nynjoce, Ndeble, Xhosa, Shona, Dasotho, Thonga, Ndaui, Bechuana, Tswana, Ronga, Venda, Swahili, Pede.

#### **BECHUANALAND PROTECTORATE**

TRIBE: Bechuana.



## TANGANYIKA TERRITORY

TRIBE: Banyakusa.

## WEST AFRICA

TRIBES: Phele, Bassa, Krew, Pesi, Vey, Mandingo, Ibo, Your.

## BELGIAN CONGO

Some tribes in the Belgian Congo in whom we are interested but have no direct work other than the leprosarium at Sona Bata, to which we make annual donations of from \$300.00 to \$600.00 are:

TRIBES: Azindee, Baluba, Bonga, Bobangi, Baboma. Batende, Bateke, Bakongo, Basenge.

## LANGUAGES—NYASALAND

Some common words in the Chinyanja language, with English meanings spoken in Nyasaland are:

Mazi (Water)	Mbusi (goat)
Moto (Fire)	Mkhosa (Sheep)
Zikomo (Thank you)	(Mkhuku (Chicken)
Salani (Goodbye)	Mazila or mandanda (Eggs)
Moni (Good morning)	Kavalo (Horse)
Gali noto (Car)	Bulu (Mule)
Kudya (To eat)	Ngombe (Cow)
Za Kudya (Food)	Munther (Man)
Nyumba (House)	Nkazi (Woman)
Mpando (Chair)	Akazi (Women)
Maluwa (Flowers)	Mwana (Child)
Mphasa (Mat)	Ana (Children)
Galú (Dog)	Amuna (Men)
Nsomba (Fish)	Msikana (Girl)
Mphaka (Cat)	Myamata (Boy)
Nyama (Meat)	

## UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA

Some common words in the Zulu language and English meanings in the Union of South Africa:

Inja (Dog)	Umfazi (Woman)
Ekati (Cat)	Indeo (House)
Indonda (Man )	

Some common words in the Ibo language, with English meanings, are:

Efi (Cow)	Abo (Bucket)
Ezi (Pig)	Akwakwo (Book)
Ewu (Goat)	Osigi (Stick)
Okuku (Fowl)	Oche (Chair)
Ebunu (Ram)	Obi or opodo (Pud)
Atulu (Sheep )	Olome (Orange)
Okpa (Cock)	Ube (Pear)
Nekwu (Hen)	Nkwu (Palm tree)
Anyinyo (Horse)	Madu (Person)
Ene (Deer)	Akwo (cloth)
Oke (Man)	Akoyibo (Coconut)
Okpoho (Woman)	Ji (Yam)
Nwataokpoho (Girl)	Akasi oyibo (Coco yam)
Nwato Oke (Boy)	Uzo (Door)
Diokpa (Senior man)	Ugbo (Farm)

## HAPPY FOR THE RETURN HOME

We departed from Dakar at 10 P.M., local time (5 P.M., New York time) on the last lap for home, making only one stop of 45 minutes after five hours of flying, at Santa Maria, Azores. From there the flight is 11 hours non-stop to New York. Some of the flight high above the ocean and clouds was very rough and bumpy, but nothing new and surprising, as such experiences had become common. I was anxious, almost to the point of impatience, for the time to pass and catch sight of land again—United States land! At long last land appeared; it was Long Island. I was happy and thankful to God, who had so marvelously kept, used and led me in a way few have gone and experienced. I can humbly and truthfully say that I know of no Negro, living or dead, who has seen as much of Africa, covered the continent as completely, met and studied as many tribes, and preached to as many and baptized as many people as I have. This makes me feel very humble and thankful to God and grateful to the Baptists of the National Baptist Convention, U.S.A., Inc., who have trusted me, supported the work and supplied the human side so that we, all together, have become workers with God.

## LANDING IN NEW YORK

The plane gracefully swung over New York City and gradually lowered and lowered, circling and banking, and finally dived to a landing as the wheels struck the runway and taxied to a halt. After health inspection, which took some minutes that seemed like hours, the passengers were allowed to disembark and head for the immigration office for baggage inspection and port clearance, and that seemed like another millennium. I had already spied my wife and Rev. and Mrs. R. A. Cromwell, who were awaiting me. The last separating bar removed, I rushed to greet them. I thanked God that I was in dear old United States again, and we had a pleasant and leisurely drive back to Philadelphia and to home.

















